

# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



FIRST NOTES OF DISCORD.

## WITHOUT INTENDING IT;

OR, JOHN TINCROFT, BACHELOR AND BENEDICT.

### CHAPTER V.—THE PICNIC.

As bright a day as could be desired opened upon Richard Grigson's picnic. Determined that for one day at least his recluse guest should be drawn out of his shell the hospitable master of the Manor House declared himself unequal to the task of making preparation for his visitors without John Tincroft's

help. So the morning was occupied in setting out tables, forms, and chairs on the lawn, in daintily dressing up bowers, and finally in drawing up a programme for the evening's entertainment.

"Are you much of a cricketer, Tincroft?" demanded the squire.

"I detest the game," said John, heartily, remembering a stunning blow he had received from a cricket-ball on Bullenden Green.

"That's capital. Then, while Tom and I are at it

with the young fellows, you will have to take care of the ladies."

"Worse and worse," exclaimed the guest, in sore dismay. "Your brother knows I am not a ladies' man."

"The more's the pity," said the remorseless squire; "and the more reason why you should begin to be."

"But, my dear friend—"

"There's nothing to be afraid of, Tincroft," put in Tom, who rather enjoyed the perplexity of his college friend. "There will be only a score or two of old women and a few pretty girls. And if you don't succeed in amusing them, they will amuse you, and themselves too, I dare say."

"If they can't do that, they will fare badly, I am afraid," said John, disconsolately, wishing himself for the time safe back in his Oxford rooms.

"We shall have the parson here to help you out," continued Mr. Grigson.

"And to keep you out of mischief," added Tom, laughing.

With a heavy heart John Tincroft at length took refuge in the library, anathematising all picnics in general, and this one in particular; by the time the dinner-bell sounded, he was deep in his Oriental studies.

It was an early dinner; but before it was well over, the invited guests began to arrive, and were spreading themselves over the lawn in detached groups, or were wandering in the gardens, that day thrown open to them. An hour later they were clustering round the tables. An hour later still the wickets were pitched in an adjoining meadow, to which the host and his brother and the young tenant farmers had adjourned; while the fair sex, with a sprinkling of the older men, were devising other means of employing the next two or three hours of the evening.

Among these, in company with Mr. Rubric, the grey-headed clergyman of the parish, John Tincroft walked about uneasily. Under the protection of the reverend gentleman, however, he managed not only to keep down his natural shyness, and to conceal his awkwardness, but to make mental notes of the, to him, strange society into which he found himself thrown.

Especially his attention was drawn towards a remarkably pretty young woman (so he thought her), who, seated at one of the tables a little apart from the rest, was pouring out tea—for the tea-things had not yet been removed—for an elderly couple, the only other remaining occupants of the half-dozen or more seats at that particular table. The young person was rather smartly dressed; and under her bonnet, which was redundant of pink satin bows, shone out, as John believed, the brightest pair of blue eyes it had ever been his fate to encounter. Perhaps it was the previous exercise in the open air, or it might have been the exertion of tea-making and tea-drinking, or it might even have been the consciousness of having attracted the attention of the gentleman from Oxford; but, from whatever cause, a bewitching blush overspread her cheek, and mantling there, took refuge under the fair, glossy hair which hung low down so as half to conceal an alabaster neck in delicious curls, for so John apostrophised both neck and curls in his foolish thoughts.

It is not to be supposed that the Oxonian had more than a hasty glance, for this first time, of the

rustic beauty. His natural shyness indeed would have cut still shorter even this brief observation, if the clergyman by his side had not halted at the table to make two or three commonplace remarks to the elderly pair, who seemed not particularly gracious in their replies. Accordingly he, still accompanied by his friend from Oxford, passed on to another group some distance off, at another table. Here the pair were more pleasantly received, and an invitation was given to them to take seats which, as in the other instance, had been vacated. The invitation was accepted.

"There's a cup of tea or two left in the bottom of the pot," said an oldish lady who had officiated; "and there's clean cups and saucers, and there's lots of cake."

"The boys were in such a hurry to get away to the cricketing," added a formerly man at her elbow, "that they forgot what they came here for, I think."

While these and other compliments were passing, and after being introduced to the hearty speakers, John Tincroft noticed that this group consisted also of three individuals—apparently, as in the former instance, father, mother, and daughter. Singularly enough, also, there was considerable resemblance between the two men at either table. They were both elderly, grizzled, and weather-worn. Their countenances were alike in form and feature, though remarkably different in expression; and even the tones of their voices were similar. The females, however, of this table presented a striking contrast to those of the other: the mother, if she were the mother, being stout and red-cheeked, whereas the elderly woman in the other instance was thin and pallid; while the daughter, if she were the daughter, was coarse and hard-featured, with hands which might, as John opined, have been accustomed to grasping the stils of a plough, or wielding a flail upon occasion.

"And your eldest son Walter—you hear from him sometimes, I suppose, Mr. Wilson? I hope he is getting on in his new profession," said the clergyman, when one or two other topics of conversation had been exhausted.

"Oh, bravely, sir. Ralph Burgess and Walter yoke together uncommon. Their business is brisk, and Ralph says as how Walter takes to it like anything."

"He has not been home to see you since he left, a year ago or more, I think?"

"No, he hasn't," said the farmer; "he is a longish way off, you see, sir."

"True."

"And a good thing too," said Mrs. Wilson, sharply.

"Indeed, my good friend; now, I should have thought you would have been glad for him to have been nearer you, so that you might—"

"Better away," said the mother, interrupting her pastor.

"Dear me!" he ejaculated, quietly.

"You see, sir," interposed the husband, "we should be glad enough to see Walter: but there's others, leastways there's another, would be glad enough too. And that's what we don't want."

"And don't mean, if we can help it," added the young woman, who had not hitherto spoken; and the natural hue of her cheeks glowed with a deeper, darker colour.

"Ah. I understand," said the clergyman, rather

reprovingly, or so it seemed to John. "You mean that you wish to break off his connection with his cousin"—he looked towards the other table as he spoke—"but is this quite right, Mrs. Wilson? Do you think it is, friend Matthew?"

"Walter shan't marry Sarah if we can hinder him, right or wrong," exclaimed the young woman, fiercely.

"Fie, fie, Miss Elizabeth!" the meek clergyman interposed.

"I am not wanted here, I think," said the shy Oxford man to himself, when he had heard enough to understand that a family matter was in danger of being discussed. Accordingly he slipped away from the table, and wandered without his guide to another part of the lawn.

#### CHAPTER VI.—AT IT AGAIN!

By this time the tables on the lawn were, for the most part, deserted, and the greater number of the tea-drinkers had strolled into the cricketing meadow—the old farmers to criticise the play of the juniors, and to compare the puny strokes and new-fangled bowling of modern Toms, Dicks, and Bills, with those of former cricketers in the good old times when *they* themselves also knew how to handle a bat. The young maidens went to watch and admire their lovers and brothers as they increased the score of runs.

The lawn was not altogether left desolate, however, and Tincroft noticed that the first trio of whom we have spoken still lingered at the table where he and the rector had left them. I do not know whether or not his curiosity was quickened by the evident reference he had just heard to the pretty girl at that board, or whether it arose from the strange and unaccustomed sensation his accidental glance had awakened in his breast; but certain it is that before he had been alone many minutes he was steering his course towards the group. Not a straight course either; but by repeated tacks, and as though he were unaware of his own intention, he presently arrived within eyeshot of the pretty flaxen curls, the alabaster neck, and the bright eyes of the fair object of his admiration—yet not near enough to attract special attention.

If he had not been shy and awkward, nothing of course would have been easier than to have gone boldly up to the table and, under cover of being the friend and guest of the squire, making acquaintance with the elderly couple; and thus have gazed his fill at the beauty by their side. This feat was too daring to be attempted, however; and it answered his purpose quite as well, probably, to gaze at the fair *Dulcinea* at a safer distance.

The tea-drinking was over at that table as elsewhere; and now John Tincroft was sorely troubled to see that the pretty girl was crying. That is, he judged as much, for a handkerchief was repeatedly used as though to wipe away the tears which he was too far off to discern. He was not too far, however, to hear angry tones from the farmer, either seconded or answered by shrill objurgations on the part of his wife, and apparently directed towards the weeping girl.

"I wish I knew what to do," muttered John to himself; "but there, what have I to do with it? What's come over me, I wonder?"

Leaving this question unanswered, John walked slowly away; but either unable to resist the fasci-

nation which had "come over" him, or moved by a chivalric desire to protect the damsel if need were, he presently retraced his steps, venturing nearer this time, though partially concealed from view under the foliage of an old chestnut-tree, at the foot of which was a rustic seat. "I have a right to be here," quoth John, inwardly; "and if people choose to talk loud enough in other people's grounds to be overheard, it is no fault of mine."

If Mr. John had cared (which he did not) to hear the dispute, he was balked, for the conversation had by this time subsided. He saw plainly enough, though, that the girl was in some kind of distress, and he partly guessed the reason when he observed that her father's face was flushed, and that he was, with unsteady hand, pouring out into a tea-cup some transparent fluid from a flask he had drawn from his pocket. He had evidently had recourse to this before, and was again raising the cup to his lips when a voice from some little distance caused him to hold his hand and look round.

Tincroft looked too in the direction of the voice, and saw his friend the clergyman, with Farmer Wilson and his wife within a dozen yards of the table. It was Wilson who had spoken. He spoke again when he came nearer.

"So you are at it again, Mark," said he, angrily, and looking the other in the face. "If you must be getting drunk," he added, snatching the cup out of the drinker's hand, and dashing out its contents on to the greensward, "you might at least have the decency to do it at home, and not come here making a show of yourself, and disgracing your kith and kin."

"And so I've been telling him, and so has Sarah," cried Mrs. Mark, "but he wouldn't heed us—you know you wouldn't, Mark," said she, deprecatingly.

By this time the unhappy man, whom our readers will before now have recognised, was on his feet, and giving vent to ebullitions of rage against his wife, his daughter, his brother, and all and sundry besides. And it was plain to Tincroft that the poor miserable man had made such bad use of his time and his gin-flask since tea as to be unsteady alike on his legs and in his speech.

The quarrel might have heightened to a disturbance, had not the peace-making clergyman interfered by replying to the thickly-spoken demand of Mark to his brother—"What business is it of yours what I do or don't do, Matthew? What right have you to come prying about like a sneak, as you are?"

"Gently, gently, friend," said the rector; "and you, Mr. Matthew, don't answer your brother, for 'grievous words stir up strife,' you know, and 'a brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city.' It was I, Mr. Mark, who persuaded your brother and sister to come and speak to you and Mrs. Mark here. I told them that it would not look well if it were known that you were all at this pleasant holiday party, and should go away without having passed a word with each other. I am sorry now that I interfered."

"Oh, never mind, sir, never mind," said the sober brother; "Mark knows that I know there's nothing new in this. As good a fellow as ever lived, sir, till he took to drinking: and now—there, the least said the soonest mended;" and saying this, Matthew Wilson took his wife by the arm and walked slowly away, leaving Mr. Rubric to make what impression he might upon the unhappy brother.



Meanwhile, as John Tincroft had seen from under the chestnut-tree, the pretty daughter of Mark had vanished from the scene; and coincidently with this all his interest in it was over. He noticed only that his friend the clergyman sat down by Mark's side and seemed to be giving him a quiet lecture, which was listened to, or rather received, in stolid silence; and that afterwards Mark and his wife retreated through the gate of the Manor House grounds into the high road, so that he saw them no more at that time.

Then, seeing that the rector was walking towards the cricket-field, he followed and joined company, arriving at the ground just as his college friend Tom Grigson was bowled out, after an innings of an hour, and having made forty runs for his score.

#### CHAPTER VII.—IN THE GROTTA.

JOHN TINCROFT soon got tired of the cricket-ground, and retraced his steps to the now deserted lawn. The sun was near setting, but it was shining hotly, nevertheless, and the poor student, wearied with his day's exertions, and somewhat perturbed in spirit as well, betook himself to a cool grotto in a remote part of the grounds, which Richard Grigson had had constructed for his own especial pleasure.

The grotto was not only cool, but secluded. It was built of rough stones, after the manner of an ancient ruin, only, unlike ruins in general, it was snugly roofed in and was weather-tight. It consisted of two chambers, the inner one—which was accessible from the outer by a low archway—being fitted up with some regard to comfort. Among the accessories were a soft couch and a rough rustic table; also a locker, in which were the materials, if required, for the creature enjoyments of smoking and so forth. Tincroft was not a smoker, nor did he care at that time for treating himself hospitably, though a half-emptied bottle of pale sherry and a tumbler might have tempted one who was so inclined. As it was, he merely stretched himself comfortably on his friend's couch, wondering what pleasure could be found in entertaining a parcel of rustics, and thinking that the life of a country gentleman, and a landlord to boot, was not without its drawbacks, till his memory went back to the pretty girl in pink bows and fair curls and his own disconsolate condition. Finally, he dropped off in a sound slumber, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

Was it a dream? It seemed like one; and yet, when the sleeper lazily roused himself, and half raised himself on his elbow, something like the following dialogue fell upon his ear. It should be noted that by this time the sun had disappeared below the horizon, and the fast gathering twilight was, within the walls of the grotto, or hermitage, intensified into a deeper gloom. The voices came through the low archway, and the speakers, whoever they might be, had evidently taken up their positions in the outer chamber.

"And now we have come together, we don't part, miss, till I have told you a bit of my mind." The voice of this speaker was firm and strong and rough, though feminine. To whom it belonged, the unintentional listener could only guess. He had heard the same voice, however, in almost equally harsh and loud tones, that same afternoon.

"It is very cruel of you, Elizabeth, to treat me so," was said in reply by another female speaker, and, as it seemed to John, in piteous remonstrance.

At any rate, the tones had a musical softness and pathos which smote upon the listener's heart.

"It isn't cruel," said the first speaker; "it is only straightforward and honest, and that is what I mean to be."

"Such friends as we used to be, Elizabeth," sobbed the second interlocutor.

"And may be again, if you will only be sensible, and give up Walter, as you ought to do."

"I won't, I won't, I won't!" cried the weaker one. "And to think of *your* wanting me to do this, when you were the first to—to—to make him fall in love with me."

"I didn't do anything of the sort," rejoined the other, promptly; "and if I did," she added, with a little inconsistency and self-contradiction, "it was when we were both children, and I did not know any better."

"And you are grown wiser since then, cousin—do you mean to say that?" asked the harassed one, with a little more spirit than before,—for which John applauded her in his heart. He understood it all now.

"Yes, I *am* grown wiser, miss," replied Elizabeth. "I didn't know then how your father was robbing my father and all of us."

"It isn't robbing. Father borrowed the money, and if he could pay it back he would; and if he can't, he can't."

"And why can't he? What's he always getting drunk for? That isn't the way to get on, and to pay his debts, I reckon; is it? And your mother too—"

"I won't hear you talk like that—I won't; no, I won't!" cried the unhappy girl, desperately. "Let me go, Elizabeth."

There seemed then, to Tincroft, as though there were a slight scuffle; but while he hesitated whether or not to make his presence known by some audible token, it ceased, and the conversation was resumed.

"There, there, I didn't mean to hurt you, Sarah," were the first words spoken, and in response, as it appeared, to the pantings and hysterical sobs of the weaker girl—"and I don't believe I have. But I have not said what I had to say to you, and I mean to say it."

"You may say what you like now, Elizabeth."

"I don't mean to say any more about Uncle Mark and Aunt," the other went on; "because I know as well as you do that you can't help that. And you and I might be as good friends as ever, Sarah, if you would only be sensible, as I said before, and see things as you ought. Now look, dear—"

(Oh, thought John Tincroft, in his concealment:—dear, too! When women begin to call one another dear, it looks ominous. So I have heard. Not that I know anything about it; how should I?)

"Now look, dear; you know you can't be Walter's wife—"

"I don't know anything of the sort," said Sarah.

"Not for a long time, not for years and years, if ever."

"I'll wait, and so will he," replied the poor baited girl, bravely; but with a perceptible tremulousness of voice, nevertheless.

"Ah, you think so now; but I know better. I don't say anything about you, dear; but I know Walter better than you do. He made up to you because you took his fancy. But such fancies don't last long. Look at Mr. Elliston, of the Mumbles; he was all hot for Miss Summerfield, as you know.

But he didn't have her, not he. He saw somebody richer, and so he turned off his Laura—and glad enough *she* is of it now. And it will be just the same with Walter and you."

"You can go on, and say what you like," said Sarah, panting for breath. John Tincroft began to feel more uncomfortable in being the involuntary hearer of all this family difference.

"Yes, I mean to, Sarah," continued the stronger-minded cousin. "It will be just the same with Walter, I say. Why there's Miss Burgess, Mary Burgess he calls her, Ralph Burgess's sister, who keeps house for her brother—you should read what Walter writes about her."

"It isn't true—it isn't!" almost screamed the tortured girl. "It's all stories you are telling, you good-for-nothing thing you!"

"And she has got money," the torturer went on, without noticing the contradiction, or caring for the agony she might possibly be inflicting; "and why shouldn't Walter have it?"

"Let him have it—let him!" cried poor Sarah.

"That's what I say, dear: let him have it. Why shouldn't he? I declare, if I was in your place, I should write and tell him so at once. I think it would be very selfish in you to try to keep him dangling after you when he has the chance of bettering himself. Don't you see it in that light, dear?"

"Have you got any more to say, Elizabeth?" asked the other, faintly.

"No, I think that's pretty much all I have to say now."

"Then please go, and let me alone. Go, go!" she added, more vehemently; and then there was a sound of departing footsteps faintly echoing in the inner grotto, and reaching John's ears. Then followed a low wailing cry, and after that there was silence.

## PRISONERS OF WAR.

BY A PRIVATE SOLDIER OF THE U.S. FEDERAL ARMY.

HISTORIANS write stirring narratives of campaigns and battles, and the world is fascinated with "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war." But historians throw a veil over the horrors and atrocities that are as inseparable from war as darkness is from night. I have witnessed war in all its phases, and in my humble position have seen its most distressing and revolting features, which rulers and statesmen never contemplate. The men who cause wars seldom take part in them. If they did, they would not be so ready to stir up strife, and to scatter abroad the seeds of destruction and death. No poets or historians can ever glamour over sufficiently for my deception what I know to be a coarse calamity, which all good men should seek to banish from the world.

The late war between France and Prussia, in its origin, progress, and conclusion, furnished a terribly imposing spectacle. The victorious Emperor himself described it as "the greatest and severest conflict of modern times." Historic events in these latter days succeed each other with such bewildering rapidity, that the last always seems the strangest and most tremendous. But it is not true that the Franco-Prussian War was the greatest of modern times. The American Civil War completely casts it in the shade, whether we consider the duration of the conflict, the number of the troops engaged, the vastness of the

scale of operations, the myriads of lives destroyed, or the tenacity and desperation with which important positions were disputed. A moment's comparison will prove this. The late war was not protracted a year. France had never in the field, at one time, over half a million men. The entire armies which capitulated at Metz and Sedan did not outnumber three hundred and thirty thousand. The German armies were probably six or seven hundred thousand strong. On the other hand, the American War continued over four years. The Confederates maintained a force of about five hundred thousand, and by means of a favourable railroad system, were sometimes enabled to wield it with the effect of a million. They were within the arc of a circle, and could instantaneously move powerful reinforcements to any threatened point. They frequently despatched corps of twenty thousand men, and in one case, of sixty thousand, from abandoned or unmenaced positions, to localities of greater danger or importance. In this manner they were often able to potently influence progressing battles, where otherwise they would have been disastrously defeated. The Federal army consisted of over a million men, and, at the close of the contest, is claimed to have numbered a million and a half. It was very common for battles to be waged two days in the fiercest manner before either side prevailed. The battle of Shilo is an instance of the kind, and was as desperate a conflict as the annals of war can produce. The battle of Stone River is another. McClellan and Lee, on one occasion, contended for *seven* days. Grant is said to have lost one hundred thousand men in the great battle of the Wilderness, which continued for days and weeks, with occasional intermissions, and virtually exhausted the military power of the South. Sherman's campaign in Northern Georgia, which resulted in the capture of Atlanta, and the famous "March to the Sea," was an unending and desultory battle for two months, and cost him from fifty to sixty thousand men. It is quite safe to assert that a million lives were lost in the war between the States, by disease and the sword. To oppose to this we have a statement carefully prepared by the Prussian Government, giving its losses in killed and wounded much under a hundred thousand. If we suppose the French loss, including the Paris slaughters, to have been twice as great, we then have only about three hundred thousand killed and wounded—fully enough in all conscience, but not to be compared for a moment to the wholesale carnage in America.

But my purpose is not to give any description of the events of this great conflict. I write to discourage the romantic ideas of military glory so rife at the present day, and with this view I present a plain unvarnished tale of my personal experience of the horrors of war, or rather of captivity during war.

After three years of varied service and conspicuous success, it was the ill-fortune of the Federal regiment to which I belonged, to be surrounded in one of those destructive engagements which preceded the fall of Atlanta, in 1864, in Sherman's great campaign to which I have already alluded. By holding a hazardous position too long, we were cut off from the main line, overwhelmed by superior numbers, and forced to yield. We handed our smoking muskets to several hundred Arkansas troops whom we had previously taken, and they became the masters. To their credit be it said, they accorded us every kindness and civility which the peculiar circumstances would admit of.

Immediately after our capitulation, we were marched to the city of Atlanta, crammed into cattle cars, and transported southward, to what was by courtesy known as "Andersonville Prison," located in Sumpter county of that State, and near the present town of Americus. If you imagine fourteen acres of ground on opposing hill-sides, intersected by a brook and boggy swamp, enclosed by a rough stockade of pine logs fifteen feet high, and destitute of barracks or shelter of any kind, you have as accurate an idea of its natural appearance as the pen can depict.

When we first came in sight of it, an emotion of horror thrilled us. There were almost forty thousand men confined there. Two-thirds of them were on the verge of nakedness. Starvation and suffering had transformed them into savages. They lived in holes in the ground, and under tattered and discoloured blankets stretched on sticks. As soon as our approach was noticed, they swarmed out of their subterranean cells like bees, and a low deep hum of voices arose that sounded like some weird, unnatural knell of death. We gazed upon the multitude with feelings of awe that double their number in arms could not have given us. In their fate we read our own. The afternoon sun of that semi-tropical latitude poured down its rays with scorching fervour, and a sickening stench filled the air for half a mile around. But we were allowed very little time for contemplation. On being drawn up in line at one of the forts, under the eye of Wirtz, the Swiss commandant, who was afterwards very properly hanged at Washington, we were systematically plundered of money, clothing, blankets, cooking utensils, and every imaginable article he could make use of, or that he thought we could make use of. Every man's pocket and person was industriously searched for valuables, during which many indignities occurred. Those of our number who were so unfortunate as to be wearing comparatively new uniforms, were robbed of every stitch of clothing except under-shirts and drawers, and in that condition consigned to hopeless captivity. When we had thus been filched to the entire satisfaction of our foes, and had been duly abused and sworn at, the gates were swung open, and like sheep for the shambles, with blows and curses we were hurried in. Four pieces of artillery were simultaneously discharged, sending shells across into the woods beyond, with a view to intimidate us, and to suggest the impossibility of escape to the desperate men we were fated to join. Fresh from the battlefield, where we had performed our duty in a manner not to be ashamed of, we resented this insult by a loud cheer of defiance. But our courage failed us when once the heavy oaken gates were closed.

We were appalled with the accumulation of horrors that met our eyes on every hand. The wretched prisoners within, who had become in a measure accustomed to their abominable surroundings, rushed forward on us in such dense masses that it seemed we would be trampled to the ground. From the outside they had seemed hideous enough, but now there was a grotesque savagery in their appearance that fairly daunted us. They did not look like white men. Unwashed, ragged, hatless, half-naked, uncombed, and with countenances blackened with the smoke of pitch-pine knots used in their occasional cooking, they bore no semblance of the veterans of the armies of the Potomac or the Cumberland. Instead of receiving us in the fraternal manner we anticipated, they seemed to evince a satisfaction in having sharers

of their misery, and some of them even snatched away articles the enemy had not deprived us of. All they inquired about was the locality of Sherman's army, for possible relief seemed personified in the victorious Ohio chieftain. We attempted to move on in a body from the gates, but found this almost an utter impossibility. There was no such thing as preserving unity, and with much reluctance we dissolved our organisation, and scattered over the abhorrent camp in search of room enough to sleep on. It was a difficult matter to find it. Every foot of ground was occupied. The weak yielded to the strong, or soon repented their temerity. And what revolting sights confronted us at every step! Dying men were lying about on every hand, exposed to the full violence of the summer sun. And they were rudely dragged and flung about, or trampled over by the moving throngs with a cold-blooded heartlessness that amazed us. We had supposed the grossest iniquities of war to be concentrated on the theatre of action, but the sanguinary scenes we had just abandoned were indeed a heaven to this. The victims of raging fevers cried piteously for relief, but in vain. Cormorants stripped them as they died. Other men were swollen, blackened, and distorted with scurvy. Haggard skeletons of humanity stared listlessly at us with lolling tongues, gaping mouths, and idiotic eyes. And, as though the culmination of loathsome spectacles were not complete, we saw not less than a dozen men being *devoured alive by worms*. It almost exceeds belief, but it is none the less true. There they lay under the feet of the rabble, covered with filth and vermin, barely breathing, yet dying by inches in the most shocking manner that can be conceived of. And some of them were the absent darlings of luxurious homes!

The slender brook which flowed through the middle of the encampment, reeking with uncleanness of every character, afforded the only resource for water to those who were still able to help themselves. Yet along the narrow footpaths leading to it were scores of men in the last stages of all kinds of maladies, who vainly begged for enough of the precious fluid to cool their parched lips. Nobody answered them, nobody succoured them. Famished, starved, and neglected—chilled by the heavy dews of night and the scathing heats of day—they were soon carted off to the trenches and forgotten. Dead bodies lay thickly about festering in the sun. As soon as a man expired, and often before, he was stripped of his clothing. The survivors needed it. His hands and feet were then tied together with rags, and while he thus lay awaiting to be carried out, he was satirically said to be "lying in state." At eight o'clock every morning the dead were gathered up and carried to one of the gates, where they were "corded up" in waggons and hauled off for burial, their naked limbs often protruding over the end-boards.

Our numbers were thus reduced at the rate of from a hundred and fifty to three hundred per day, but new arrivals from the seat of war kept us continually overcrowded.\*

But the saddest sight of all was that of mere boys raving in delirium, and frantically calling for their mothers or sisters, who at that very moment were crushed under the weight of agonising suspense, hundreds of miles away. Many of the prisoners were

\* After the suppression of the rebellion the United States authorities identified 16,000 graves at the Andersonville burial-ground, and erected an imposing monument.



gentle and patient, and their cultured minds were doubtless vexed with the moral as well as physical evil among which they had fallen. But truth requires me to tell of the demoralising effect of war on the majority. Where there is noble nature, noble qualities are called out by adversity, but that bad dispositions are intensified by suffering my experience among the prisoners painfully proved.

Medical attendance was a thing unknown. The apparent certainty of death did not so much appeal those as yet untouched by disease, as it rendered them heartless and callous. Brawls and violence were of hourly occurrence, and many men were maimed, disfigured, and slain in them. There was no law, no authority, no discipline, and no regulations—nothing but the most absolute anarchy. We might live if we could, or we might die as speedily as possible, just as we chose. So thought our captors, and on every imaginable pretext were men daily shot dead by the ferocious sentinels who guarded us, none of whom had ever heard the sound of Federal cannon in their lives. Ignorant and vindictive, they were dyed through and through with fanatical hatred of us, and beholding in our misery nothing but a subject for congratulation, they lost no possible opportunity for perpetrating the most criminal outrages. Between the sentry-boxes and the camp the most bitter curses were constantly exchanged. Each day we received an ounce of half-decayed pork, and an ounce or two of maize bread of the very worst quality. It was quaintly said among us that the "food" we were allowed was not sufficient in quantity to sustain life, and that if they had given us enough of it to sustain life, its very vileness would have killed us. That is as near the exact truth as tongue or pen can place it. Tunnels were constantly being discovered where parties were attempting to dig their way out. Such schemes were often betrayed by renegades, who sought to conciliate the enemy, and obtain favours for their treachery. Many of the attempts were successful, however, but the fugitives were almost invariably recaptured by parties of cavalry, that hung upon their trails with packs of bloodhounds, formerly used in chasing down runaway slaves. Cases transpired where these hounds overtook prisoners in the fields, and tore them to pieces. And on more than one occasion the officers of the garrison amused themselves in a style strangely corresponding with the high-toned "Southern chivalry." When new packs of hounds arrived, the hunting qualities of which were as yet untested, we were actually called upon to furnish victims for man-hunts. Two or three prisoners would be given a few hours the start, according to whatever agreement was made, and the gallant gentlemen of the Confederacy\* would then turn out with bugles and hounds, and run them down. It was no doubt rare sport. I am not stating what I have heard, but what I know. And, singular as it may seem, there were yet hundreds of men willing and anxious to take their chances of escape in this manner, rather than accept the certainty of starvation and death in the stockade.

At length a new terror burst upon us. Among us were three or four hundred infamous wretches, who had been enlisted from the foulest slums of New

York city. They were professional desperadoes, and resolved to live if all other men perished. Goaded to madness by the extremities we were all in, they formed an aggressive league against us, and were known as "the Raiders." Armed with clubs, they once or twice captured provisions designed for the entire prison. The commandant regarded these operations as an excellent jest, and we starved while the robbers feasted. They were chiefly concentrated in a particular quarter, and encouraged by success, speedily proceeded to bloodier depredations. At night they murdered and plundered with impunity. Whoever they suspected of being possessed of money, or of articles which they desired, they slew without mercy. Evidences of their lawless rapacity struck us with consternation every morning, until the enormities perpetrated challenged credulity. Some kind of action seemed imperative on the part of the remainder of the camp. It may be wondered that we tamely endured such atrocities for twenty-four hours. But it was the same old story of oppression the world over. They were united, vigilant, and determined to maintain their sway. We were irresolute, terrified, and unorganised. At length a crisis came. Resistance or submission was no longer a question of policy, but of life and death. A plot was secretly formed by a faction afterwards known as "the Regulators." One afternoon four or five hundred of them assembled in the centre of the camp, and, armed with clubs, marched upon the quarters of the Raiders. A desperate conflict ensued, in which many of the combatants were killed or dangerously wounded. But the midnight assassins were surprised and defeated, and the party of humanity and order prevailed. A court-martial was immediately instituted, and before sunset no less than ninety offenders were apprehended and scourged within an inch of their lives. Six were sentenced to death. By permission of the Confederate guards, a scaffold was erected inside the stockade, and the villains were executed on the following day. The Regulators appointed a chief with autocratic powers, and a thousand "policemen" were sworn in, who mounted guard thereafter, both by day and night. Their services were compensated by extra rations. All necessary laws were proclaimed and enforced, and many judicious regulations for the general welfare adopted. The sick were also supplied with water, and the offal buried daily, as far as it could be done. After that, peace reigned in our gloomy city.

But the horrors of our condition remained. We had no efficient shelter from the sun or dews. Thousands had no shelter at all. Every heavy fall of rain doubled the rate of mortality for forty-eight hours. During rainy nights dozens of men, stricken and helpless with disease, were actually drowned like rats in their holes, or buried alive by the caving in of the earth. Too weak to raise an alarm, they perished without the assistance they might otherwise have received. During the day the police endeavoured to prevent such catastrophes, but at night it was many times impossible, on account of the darkness. Day by day we felt our strength declining. It was useless to expect health under the circumstances. Escape from the prevailing disorders, a few of which were contagious, was all that we could hope for. To sicken was to die. Hundreds became insane and filled the air with their jabbered vagaries. You could scarcely sleep at night for the groans of the afflicted and dying. We could neither send nor receive

\* We do not question our correspondent's statements, but he must surely be wrong in ascribing these atrocities to the Southern "gentlemen." The commandant of the station was a foreign mercenary, who afterwards paid the just penalty of his crimes, and there is no cruelty of which the lower classes in the Slave States, the "white trash" as they are called, might not be guilty.—Ed.

letters. Newspapers were rigidly forbidden us, and no information could reach us save by the occasional arrival of new prisoners. We were completely cut off from the world, and day after day dragged on monotonously, without a cheering ray of hope, or a solitary pleasure to beguile us. As we became weaker, we passed most of our time in lying at full length on the ground, bemoaning the woes that had overtaken us, and wishing we had fallen on the battle-field. The pangs of hunger never ceased to gnaw at our vitals. Even sleep mocked us with dreams of banquets we could not partake of. We gradually came to contemplate death with welcome, and only dreaded the tortures that were certain to precede it. Many purposely passed across the "dead line" to fall by the bullets of the sentries.

Now and then the exciting rumour of an exchange of prisoners electrified us, but it soon proved an illusion, and we were more dejected than ever. The green leaves of summer in the forests around gradually assumed the many-hued tints of autumn. In November the rapid approach of Sherman caused us to be distributed to Savannah, Charleston, and other points on the coast, but wherever we went new sufferings awaited us. Winter brought additional rigours. Great numbers were frozen to death. Seven thousand enlisted in the Confederate armies to get food, and large batches of them were subsequently executed for attempted desertion. After many wanderings from Florida northward, a large drove of us were transported to Wilmington, in North Carolina. A few weeks after, while we were bivouacked in an open field at the back of the city, the Federal army carried Wilmington by storm. In the retreat we were unfortunately not forgotten. We were hurried on to flat cars, and started for Goldsboro', although we could plainly hear every note of the conflict, and knew that our comrades were driving the enemy before them. It was a bitter moment, and hundreds sprang from the cars and rushed for the woods, and many were shot dead in their tracks. But in the midst of all our inhuman afflictions, there was one solitary fact to inspire and console us. Though man was everywhere arrayed against us like a demon incarnate, woman often appeared in the guise of a ministering angel. Crowds of noble-hearted creatures came out to relieve us at Charleston, Savannah, and Goldsboro', and often confronted bayonets and the muzzles of loaded rifles to toss us the food and clothing we were perishing for want of. They hated us, and still they pitied us, and in so doing taught us a respect and veneration for their sex which only death can eradicate.

But at last came relief to us who had endured it all. On the 26th of February, 1865, four thousand of us were marched to the Federal lines near Wilmington, and surrendered to General Terry. We were received with the crash of artillery, the roar of triumphant music, and the thundering cheers of half the army in line. Hundreds of bold men wept like children, for we had been truly delivered "out of the jaws of death, and out of the mouth of hell."

C. P.

## A RELIC OF MARY STUART.

BY GEORGE SETON, M.A., OXON.

THE curious piece of tapestry on the folding screen of walnut-wood represented in the accompanying engraving is believed by tradition to have been the

property of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. For upwards of a hundred years the screen has been in the possession of a Scottish family, by whom it was inherited from a maternal ancestor. The tapestry measures about six feet square; and, as the engraving indicates, it consists of three horizontal sections, of which the lowest is rather shorter than the two others. It represents various incidents in the history of Rehoboam and Jeroboam. In the "Inventaire of the Queene Regentis Movables" delivered to Servay de Conde, her Majesty's "vallet of chamber," in September, 1561, the following entry occurs under the head of "Tapestrie:"—

"Item ane tapestrie of the historie of Roboam contening foure peeces . . . . In Striueling."\*

Again, in the "Inventory of Jowellis, etc., in Edinburgh Castle, pertaining to the King and his dearest Mother," in 1578, we find, under the same head, "Fyve pece of the Historie of King Roboam."†

In all probability, these two entries refer to the same piece of work, and if each of the sections of the folding screen is to be regarded as a "pece," it may reasonably be conjectured that a portion of the original work either no longer exists, or is in other hands. A somewhat similar piece of needlework was to be seen not many years ago in the celebrated collection of antiquities in the Hotel Cluny, in Paris, and may perhaps still be there.

The incidents represented appear to be as follows:—

Beginning with the uppermost corner to the left of the spectator—heraldically, the "*dexter* chief"—we have an illustration of the story contained in 1 Kings xiv. 1—17. Abijah, the sick child of Jeroboam, is seen lying on his bed, attended by two ladies, one of whom, in a kneeling posture, is presenting him with fruit. Next comes a group consisting of the King, Queen, and two attendants. Jeroboam, elaborately robed, with crown, sceptre, and other indications of royalty, desires his wife to disguise herself, and, with a present in her hand, to go to Shiloh to inquire of Ahijah the prophet whether the child is destined to recover. Accordingly, in the next compartment, we find the Queen, in a different dress, at the prophet's door, accompanied by her handmaid bearing the "cracknels" and the "cruse of honey," while Ahijah, in priestly robes, meets her with the "heavy tidings" that when her feet again cross the threshold of her home, the child shall die. In the background, the disobedient prophet is lying dead between his ass and a strange-looking animal intended to represent a lion.

In the second section, we see Jeroboam leaving Jerusalem, which forms the distant landscape, and met by Ahijah, who prophesies his future reign over ten of the tribes of Israel, by rending a new garment into twelve pieces. The various fragments are carefully represented; and in the road on which the prophet stands, numerous puddles are distinctly indicated, which may fairly be regarded as illustrating the normal condition of the public paths of this country in the days of Queen Mary, if not in those of King Jeroboam! An elaborate picture of Rehoboam's court occupies the remainder of the section. The King sits on Solomon's ivory throne, beneath a canopy, in gorgeous attire. His Queen is also a

\* "Inventories of Mary Queen of Scots" (the contribution of the Marquis of Dalhousie to the Bannatyns Club). Edited by Dr. Joseph Robertson. Edinburgh, 1863.

(See also Grant's "Memorials of the Castle of Edinburgh," p. 97.)

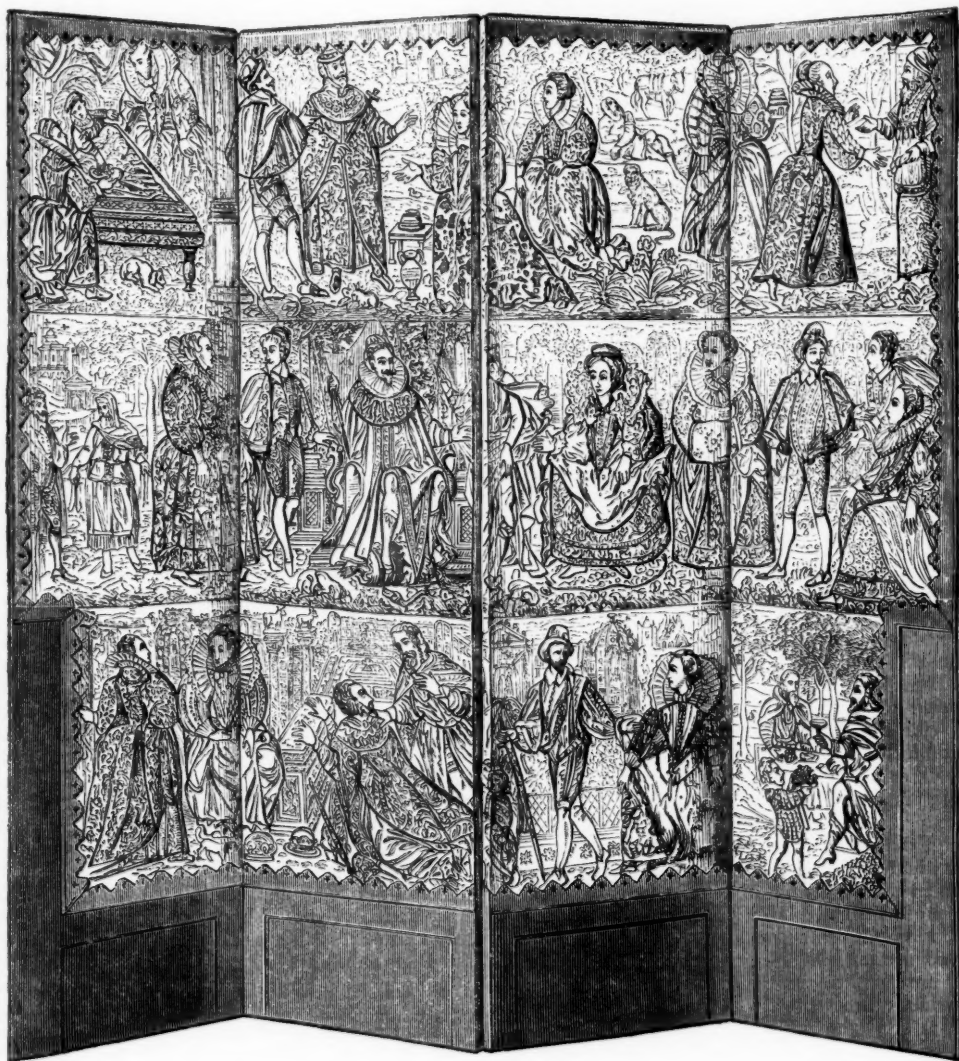
† See "Collection of Inventories," edited by Mr. Thomson, p. 212. Edinburgh, 1815.



very magnificent personage, and her wonderful lace ruff is a triumph of needlework. Between them stands an aged man with uplifted hand, warning the King against the evil counsels of the youthful adviser on his right. The other four figures are very

of Bethel and his unfortunate guest, the man of God who came from Judah.

The entire piece of work is in admirable preservation, and its unusually good condition is attributed to the fact of its having been kept exposed to the



spiritedly designed, but do not seem to have any intimate connection with the story. The background exhibits a flower garden, with alcoves, trellised work, and parterres, worthy of Drummond Castle.

The third and lowest section contains Jeroboam's golden calves, and a representation of the King himself kneeling at his idolatrous altar, while the prophet rebukes him for his conduct, and punishes him by the infliction of a withered hand. (1 Kings xiii. 4.) He earnestly entreats the prophet that the lost faculty may be restored, and accordingly we next see a figure, which may represent him, stretching out his hand in triumph to an astonished lady courtier with a towering ruff. The two figures seated at the adjoining table, and attended by a negro page, may perhaps be intended to indicate the lying prophet

air, and thus protected from the ravages of moths. The most casual observer will, of course, be struck by the representation of Jewish events through the medium of the costume and conventionalities of the Scotland, or England, of the sixteenth century; but, barring this obvious anachronism, the spirit in which most of the incidents are rendered is highly creditable to the artist. Throughout the composition, the execution of the drapery is strikingly artistic, and the faces and hands of the various figures are also very accurately designed. The foreground, which appears to have been filled in according to fancy, perhaps by an inferior artist, exhibits dogs, rabbits, frogs, lizards, snails, and other animals, in the fashion of Bernard Palissy's period.

As matters of curious detail, we may refer to the

thistle, the national emblem of Scotland, at the feet of the kneeling Queen, in the first section, and to the glove in the hat of the personage supposed to be intended for King Jeroboam after the restoration of his withered hand. *Apropos* to the last-mentioned article, Queen Elizabeth once presented George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, with a glove which she had dropped, on his returning it to her Majesty. He adorned it with jewels, and wore it *in the front of his hat* on days of tournaments.\*

"There many a youthful knight, full keen  
To gain his spurs, in arms was seen,  
With favour in his crest or glove,  
Memorial of his lady-love."†

Our description of the tapestry may be appropriately closed by a short extract relative to Queen Mary's person and qualifications from the lamented Dr. Joseph Robertson's learned preface to the work already referred to, which, being a club book, is accessible to a very limited number of readers. It will be observed that the extract embraces a reference to the Queen's excellence in "knitting" and "embroidery."

"She was confessed by every one to be the most charming princess of her time. Her large sharp features might perhaps have been thought handsome rather than beautiful, but for the winning vivacity and high joyous spirit which beamed through them. It has been questioned whether her eyes were hazel or dark grey, but there is no question as to their star-like brightness. Her complexion, although fresh and clear, would seem to have been without the brilliance so common among our island beauties. Her hair appears to have changed with her years from a ruddy yellow to auburn, and from auburn to dark brown or black, turning grey long before its time. Her bust was full and finely shaped, and she carried her large stately figure with majesty and grace. She showed to advantage on horseback, and still more in the dance. The charm of her soft sweet voice is described as irresistible; and she sang well, accompanying herself on the harp, the virginals, and still oftener on the lute, which set off the beauty of her long, delicate, white hand. The consciousness how that hand was admired, may have made it more diligent in knitting and in embroidery, in both of which she excelled. Her manner was sprightly, affable, kindly, frank perhaps to excess, if judged by the somewhat austere rule already beginning to prevail among her Scottish subjects. She spoke three or four languages, was well and variously informed, talked admirably, and wrote both in prose and in verse, always with ease, and sometimes with grace or vigour."

The allusion to the colour of the Queen's hair will remind some of our readers of Froude's heartless description of her toilet on the scaffold at Fotheringay. Notwithstanding all that has been written on the subject, we believe that the character of Mary Stuart will continue a moot question to the end of time. On the evidence hitherto adduced, no impartial jury could possibly pronounce a verdict of "guilty;" and indeed the assailants of the Queen have recently been met by several able champions. In its notice of Mr. Hosack's admirable work ("Mary Queen of Scots and her Accusers"), the "Times" (December 28, 1869) acknowledges that the author "has confronted more than one antagonist, but prin-

cipally Mr. Froude, and has shaken that reckless knight in his saddle. . . . He has confuted those who, by brilliant writing and a judicious selection of evidence, paint the Queen of Scots as an incarnate fiend, and who are dramatic poets rather than historians."

## DR. DÖLLINGER AND THE NEW PROTEST AGAINST ROME.

### II.

In a former paper we traced the rise of the Alt-Catholic movement, and sketched briefly the personal history of the man who is its more prominent leader. We adverted also to the new phase into which the movement has already passed. From being purely an ecclesiastical strife, it has become partly ecclesiastical and partly political, and is now a war against the Governments of the German States. This cannot but have a most important influence upon the issues of the conflict.

The next question is, What are the views and objects of the leaders of this movement, and what is their *programme of principles*? This is a point of no secondary importance. In one thing they are all agreed—they reject the personal infallibility of the Pope; but as to all beyond there is considerable diversity of sentiment. Dr. Döllinger is a conservative, and if he leads this movement, it is not to change the "Catholic faith," but to preserve it; it is not to overthrow the Church, but to emancipate and strengthen her. He *was* an Ultramontane, and it is possible that he may still wear not a few fetters of his old bondage, for such chains it is not easy even for such learning, penetration, and piety as his to break. He stands on "history," by which compendious phrase he means the system of truth contained in the Bible, as developed by Fathers and Councils, and now embodied and exhibited in the living ecclesiastical organism "the Church." He holds that since the close of the Council of Trent the faith and morals of the Church have been corrupted by the Jesuits, and that the government of the Church has been usurped by the Pope, who has annihilated the divine inherent jurisdiction of the bishops, and made himself absolute master; so that as Louis XIV said of the State, the Pope now says of the Church, "It is I." Dr. Döllinger would reform all this by giving only a simple primacy to the Roman bishop, restoring the inherent powers of all the other bishops, and going back in point of doctrine to the Tridentine basis. This substantially is the programme of Döllinger. Others would go considerably beyond this line, and would carry their reforms pretty far into the doctrinal domain; and, over and above, they propose administrative changes of such a nature as would result in a revolutionising of all Roman Catholic doctrine together, inasmuch as the forms and ceremonies which they seek to change are, in some instances at least, the exponents of the fundamental principles of the Romish system. And then there is a third party gathering around the clerical leaders, having a programme of their own—the political, to wit—who have been stripped of their civil rights, and are not disposed meekly to put up with the indignity. This party is being rapidly augmented by the high-handed proceedings of the bishops who are dealing around them, right and left, the spiritual bolts, refurbished

\* See Pegge's "Curialia Miscellanea," p. 307.

† "Lay of the Last Minstrel," iv. 19.

for the occasion, and are doing their best to dig a gulf behind the laymen and political liberals who have joined the movement, and leave them no choice but to go forward unless they would see themselves denuded at once of the privileges of citizenship and the rights of manhood.

But the men themselves ought to be the best exponents of their own principles. An Alt-Catholic congress was held in Heidelberg in August last, at which a basis of belief and action, substantially such as we have described, was agreed upon. It is unnecessary to dwell on this meeting, seeing a more important and numerous one has since been held in the capital of Bavaria. The Alt-Catholic congress which met at Munich on the 22nd of September elaborated a programme wider in its scope and aims than that of Heidelberg. This is now the authoritative manifesto of the party. Let us turn to this meeting.

This convention was composed of professors, priests, lawyers, members of the legislature, civic dignitaries, private gentlemen of high social position, numbering in all 509. The assemblage was gathered from all parts of Germany; and in addition to its German constituents there were deputies from many foreign countries. The congress chose as its honorary president Professor von Schulte, of Prague. Professor von Döllinger was its great doctor and leader. Its public meetings were held in the great Glass House of Munich, which, though capable of containing many thousands, was filled to overflow. A small committee, with Dr. Döllinger at its head, had previously prepared a brief programme of principles, which, being submitted to the congress, was slightly altered, and finally adopted as the doctrinal basis of the movement. Seeing it defines the theoretic platform of the Alt-Catholics, we think it right to give it in their own words:—

"1. A proper sense of our religious duties compels us to cling to the old Catholic faith as laid down in Holy Writ and tradition, and to the old Catholic forms of Divine service. We therefore regard ourselves as legitimate members of the Catholic Church, and will not be expelled from that Church, nor do we renounce any of the civil or ecclesiastical rights belonging to it. As to the ecclesiastical penalties to which we have been subjected for adhering to the old faith, we declare them arbitrary and absurd; and shall not thereby be prevented from acknowledging ourselves and acting as true and conscientious sons of the Church. Taking our stand upon the creed contained in the *Symbolum of Trent*, we reject the dogmas proclaimed under the pontificate of Pío Nono as contrary to the doctrine of the Church, and to the principles which have prevailed since the first council was assembled by the Apostles: we more especially reject the dogma of Infallibility, and of the supreme, immediate, and ever-enduring jurisdiction of the Pope.

"2. We adhere to the old constitution of the Church. We repudiate every attempt to restrict the right of the individual bishops to direct the religious concerns of their respective dioceses. We repudiate the doctrine contained in the Vaticanic decrees, that the Pope is the only divinely-appointed exponent of ecclesiastical authority, such doctrine being at variance with the Canon of Trent, which teaches that the hierarchy consists of bishops, priests, and deacons, and that this hierarchy is instituted by God. We acknowledge the primacy of the Roman bishop as it

has been acknowledged in accordance with the testimony of Holy Writ, and by the testimony of the Fathers and Councils of the old undivided Christian Church."

And scarcely less important are the two explanatory propositions that follow:—

"(a.) More is required to define dogmas than the dictum of some temporary Pope, backed by the consent, tacit or expressed, of the bishops, who have taken the oath of inviolate obedience to their Primate. A dogma to be valid must be in accordance with Holy Writ and the old traditions of the Church, such as they have been conveyed to us in the writings of the recognised Fathers and the decrees of the Councils. Even an Ecumenical Council, though it were really Ecumenical, and possessed the formal qualifications which the late Vatican Council lacked, would not be entitled to enact decrees in opposition to the fundamental truths and the past history of the Church; nor would such illegal decrees be binding upon the members of the Church, even though they had been passed unanimously. And we declare,—

"(b.) The dogmatic decisions of a Council must be in conformity with the religious belief of the Catholic people, that they must agree with Catholic science and the original and traditional faith of the Church. We reserve to the Catholic clergy and laity, as well as to theological scholars, the right to pronounce an opinion upon and protest against new dogmas."

This goes very far indeed. It rejects the supreme authority of Popes and councils, and lodges the ultimate decision on Roman dogma in the people. This appears to us an entire subversion of the fabric of Romanism, which is built, as Bellarmine, its ablest expositor, teaches, upon the dogma of the Pontifical Supremacy. That system, as the canons of Trent exhibit it, has but one cardinal principle, *authority*; and but one cardinal virtue, *submission*. No doubt reference is made in the Alt-Catholic proposition just quoted to a standard by which the people are to judge of dogma, but the important fact is that they are to judge, and that the standard by which they are to do so is so vaguely defined, that it is left very much in their own choice. Those who adopt this canon of criticism must reject the better half of Roman Catholicism; in fact, they adopt a principle which will lead them eventually to reject the whole of it.

The propositions that followed were of a more practical character. The third provided for the reform of abuses by the application of "theological and canonical science" to the training of the clergy, and the vesting of laymen in a constitutional right to share in the direction of ecclesiastical affairs. The proposed reforms are ten in number, and are as follow:—"1. Each community shall have the right to choose its own priest; and the priests are no longer to be named by the bishops. 2. Priests must be sufficiently paid by the community to enable them to live respectably. 3. Compulsory celibacy must cease. Priests shall be allowed to marry, as in the early times of Christianity. 4. The Chapters shall be dissolved. 5. Masses and the service of the Church must be spoken and read in German, or in the common language of the province. 6. There shall be no separate payments for masses, for burials, baptisms, etc. 7. Auricular confession must cease. 8. Pilgrimages, processions, and begging missions must cease. 9. The worship of pictures, statues.



and images must cease. 10. The traffic in relics (*reliquien schwindel*; literally, 'the relic swindle') must be discontinued, and be proceeded against by the State."

As the result of these reforms, they look for reunion with the Greek, Oriental, and Russian churches; and when "the road of science and progressive Christian culture" has been still farther pursued, they expect the time will come when an understanding may be effected with "the various Protestant Churches, as well as with the Episcopal Churches of England and America."

Resolution Fourth provides for the more liberal and rational education of the priesthood. Hitherto the youth in training for orders have been cooped up in theological seminaries, and jealously guarded from all contact with modern knowledge, seeing that in this mental darkness alone could "the true Catholic sentiment" be preserved. Henceforward, it is proposed to do away with this seclusion, and to permit to intendants for the priesthood the same broad university culture with their fellow-citizens.

In Resolution Fifth the Alt-Catholics declare their allegiance to the political constitutions of their various States. "We reject," say they, "the treasonable doctrine of Papal Supremacy, and promise to stand by our respective governments in their struggle against Ultramontane principles as reduced to dogma in the Syllabus."

Resolution Sixth has reference to the Jesuits. "We express our conviction," say the Alt-Catholics, "that peace, prosperity, and concord in the Church, and the establishment of proper relations between the Church and society, will be only possible after the injurious action of this order has been put an end to."

Resolution Seventh asserts their right, as "Old Catholics," to the goods and chattels of the Church.

The Eighth and last Resolution is, practically viewed, the most important of all. Had the programme ended with the *Seventh* it would have been but a declaration of principles and rights; the *Eighth* resolves on a line of action which secures that effect shall be given to these principles and rights. This resolution is to the following effect: that they hold the sentence of excommunication pronounced on them by Rome as null; that they regard the priests adhering to them as entitled to baptize, marry, bury, and perform every sacred function; that, ignoring the modern Roman arrangement of parishes, and acting on the precedent of primitive times, they shall send out their priests or missionaries to minister to their adherents, and form separate congregations; that they shall petition their respective governments to protect them in the discharge of their functions, and to give to their services those civil effects which the constitutions of many of their States provide; and that, when the time comes, they shall import a regular episcopal jurisdiction from some foreign quarter.

This important resolution was adopted, despite the strenuous opposition of Dr. Döllinger. He would have been content, meanwhile, with the theoretic programme. He shrunk from action. He feared anything that looked like an act of separation from the Mother Church. He deprecated, above all things, the erection of a new sect. But there were more practical men around him and behind him. They felt that they had nothing for it but to adopt such a step, or wreck the whole movement. They are all of them under excommunication. They are deprived of

baptism, of marriage, of burial, and of all priestly functions. Passive acquiescence in such a position would have been actual submission. It would not have mattered how many theoretic declarations they had made. What only could meet the case was action, and just such action as they have taken. No doubt their last resolution is in very direct antagonism to their first and fundamental one, as "Old Catholics," "legitimate members of the Catholic Church," standing upon the creed contained in the "Symbolum of Trent." If we know anything of Roman principles, the Alt-Catholics have entered on a course which will soon leave the "Symbolum of Trent" some little way behind. But there are persons, ourselves among the number, who may think that therein lies the hope of the movement. The Ultramontane excommunication has evoked in reply an Alt-Catholic excommunication. A separation has already taken place. The Vatican sundered them first by its anathema, and the Alt-Catholics have completed the breach by the separate and independent action which they have already taken. They cannot go back. It is not a Reformation, but it is a Disruption.

But we are entering on ground which, however interesting, we have not space at present to discuss. In another article we shall give the views which leading Protestants in Germany take of the Alt-Catholic movement, and shall at the same time state the opinion which we ourselves, calmly considering the movement, and contemplating it in all its circumstances, have been led to form of what will be its probable issue.

## THE ROMANCE OF THE BARLEY-STRAW.

AN ALLEGORY FROM THE DANISH.

A YOUNG married couple were walking down a country lane. It was a peaceful, sunny morning in autumn, and the last of their honeymoon.

"Why are you so silent and thoughtful?" asked the young, beautiful wife. "Do you already long for the city and its turmoil? Are you weary of my love? You regret, I fear, that you have renounced your busy life yonder and consented to live only for me and our happiness?"

He kissed her forehead, which she tenderly raised up to him. She received no other answer.

"What can you miss here?" she continued. "Can all the others together love you more than I my single self? Do I not suffice? We are rich enough, so that you need not work; but if you absolutely must do something—well, then, write romances and read them to me alone."

The young man again replied with a kiss. He then stepped across the ditch into a stubble-field and picked up a straw, left by the gleaners. It was an unusually fine and large straw, yet attached to its root and entwined by the withered stalks of a parasitical plant, upon which a single little flower might be discerned.

"Was that a very rare flower you found?" asked the little lady.

"No; it was a common bindweed."

"A bindweed?"

"Yes, that is its vulgar name. The botanists call it *Convolvulus arvensis*. The peasantry name it fox-vines; in some localities it is called tangle-weed." He paused and gazed thoughtfully on the straw.

"Pray, what interesting thing is it, then, that you have discovered?"

"It is a romance."

"A romance?"

"Yes—or a parable, if you like."

"Is it in the flower?"

"Yes; the flower and—the straw."

"Please tell me the story about it."

"But it is a sad one."

"No matter for that; I should like to hear it very much."

She seated herself on the edge of the grassy bank; her husband did the same close at her side, and told the story of the straw.

At the outer edge of the barley-field, near the ditch of the highway, grew a young vigorous barley-shoot. It was taller, stronger, and darker than the others; it could look over the whole field.

The first thing it noticed was a little violet. It stood beyond, over the other edge of the ditch, and peered through the grass with its innocent azure eyes. The sun shone, and the balmy wind breathed over towards the field from the road, where the violet grew. The young straw rocked itself in spring-air and spring-dreams. To reach one another was out of the question; they did not even think about it. The violet was a pretty little flower, but it clung to the earth and soon disappeared among the growing grass. The barley, on the contrary, shot up higher and higher each day; but the dark green shoot still above all the rest. It rejoiced already in a long, full ear before any of the others had commenced to show their beards.

All the surrounding flowers looked up to the gallant ear of barley. The scarlet poppy blushed yet a deeper red, whenever it swung over it. The cornflower made its aroma still more piquant than usual, and the flaunting yellow field-cabbage expanded its one bold flower. By-and-by the barley-straw blossomed in *its* manner. It swayed about, now here, now there, in the balmy atmosphere; sometimes bending over the cornflower, at times over the poppy, and then over the tare and wild field cabbage; but when it had peered down in their chalices it swung back again, straightened up, and thought, "You are but a lot of weeds, after all."

But in the grass at the ditch flourished a bindweed, with its small leafy vines; it bore delicate snowy and rose-coloured flowers, and emitted a delicate fragrance. To that the barley-straw bent longingly down.

"You gallant straw," it smiled; "bend yet lower, that I may embrace you with my leaves and flowers."

The straw essayed to do it, with its best will, but in vain.

"I cannot," it sighed; "but come to me, lean on me and cling to me, and I will raise you above all the proud poppies and conceited cornflowers."

"I have never had any ambition to rise in the world, but you have been my constant dream ever since I was budding, and for your sake I will leave the greensward and all the little flowers, in whose company I grew. We will twine ourselves together and flower *alone for each other*."

Thus said the bindweed, and stretched its tendrils into the field. It clung tenderly to the straw, and covered it with its green leaves and modest flowers up to its topmost blade.

It was a beautiful sight. The two seemed to suit each other to perfection. The straw felt now really proud, and shot up higher and higher.

"Do you wish to leave me," sighed the weed.

"Are you dizzy already?" smiled the straw.

"Stay with me—cling to me. Why do you rise higher?"

"Because I *must*. It is my nature."

"But it is *not mine*."

"Follow me, if you love me."

"You won't stay? I know now that you do not love me any more."

And the weed loosened its tender arms and sank to the earth; but the straw continued to shoot ever upwards.

The bindweed began to wither. Its flowers grew more and more pale. "I have but lived and flowered for you. For your sake have I sacrificed my spring and my summer. But you do not notice my flowers—you leave my little buds to wither in the air; you think upon anything else but me and the beautiful summer—*my time!*"

"*I think upon the harvest—my time has also its claim.*"

Presently the rain came. Great drops fell upon the delicate leaves. "My time is soon over," wept the weed, and closed its little flowers to hide the cold tears.

Tears are heavy. The straw came near sinking under its burden, but it felt the importance of keeping itself upright; it straightened up, gallantly facing the storm. It grew stiffer in the body—harder in the joints.

It was one of the dark days. The heavens were grey and the earth dark; it had been raining for a long time. The weed had grown downward into the earth, as if it would hide itself from the storm.

"Bend down once more as you did in days of yore, when my love was all in all to you," begged the weeping flower.

"I cannot, I dare not," groaned the straw.

"And I, who have bent a thousand times for your sake—I, who now bend myself to the very dust before your feet," wailed the weed, grovelling on the earth.

Then fell a couple of large rain-drops upon the blades; the weight was too much, the brave straw yielded, the weed pulled it down, and both straw and weed sank down on the wet earth, never more to rise again.

The harvest came. All the golden corn were bound in sheaves, and brought to the barn with song and joy. But that which once so gallantly had reared its head above all the others, remained prostrate on the stubble-field. The grain was mouldy and the straw withered. Of the beautiful vine, whose loving embrace had been so fatal, only the dry, blackened stalks remained.

Thus ended the romance of the barley-straw.

The young wife had tears in her beautiful eyes, but they were the balmy tears which strengthen, not the scalding ones which crush the soul to the earth. She wound her arms around her husband's neck, and whispered a single word in his ear. It was, "Thanks."

Then she plucked the lost, half-withered blossom from the bindweed.

"It is a flower of memory that I will take with me, when I to-morrow return with you to the city again," she said softly, as she hid it in her bosom.

"Love is good, but labour and love are better. Pleasure is perfect only when it harmonises with our permanent interests, as it is also true that no delight can be enduring which interferes with duty."

## A MIDLAND TOUR.

### BIRMINGHAM.

#### II.

#### STEEL PENS.

ONE of the most remarkable of all Birmingham productions in its comparative novelty, rapid growth, and connection with and influence on education, literature, science, commerce, civilisation, and religion, is that of the Steel Pen, which, if not invented in Birmingham, has been improved and perfected in that town, the chief seat of its manufacture. But for its timely invention, it is hard to see how the growth of the human mind could have gone on unchecked, or how our correspondence and interchange of thought, and the diffusion of knowledge, could have kept pace with our penny postage, our locomotives, and our steamships. The quill would never have sufficed, and so pens of steel were brought in. Some of my readers may remember the time when these were sold—that is, when they could be got—at five shillings each, and when they were, at the best, of indifferent quality. They were very gradually improved,\* and in time flexibility and softness were given them by the addition of the two side slits,—the demand increased,—machinery was employed in the manufacture, and the price was reduced to one shilling. A constant bettering and cheapening have since been going on, and now steel pens are used all the world over, are generally allowed to be the best, are manufactured in innumerable kinds and qualities, and are sold at from *three-halfpence* to 12s. a gross. At the low average of a halfpenny a dozen, more than £3,000 worth are made weekly in Birmingham, and nearly fifteen hundred pens are sold for the price of one fifty years since. But, as I have said, they may be had at three-halfpence a gross, or twenty-four for a farthing, and each pen will have passed through at least twelve different processes! We went over Mr. Gillott's manufactory, one of the principal, where about a hundred men and four hundred women and girls, with an endless number of machines, are employed, and where the various stages of the manufacture, from first to last, the making of the very pen-holders by machinery, and the preparation and filling of the boxes, were most courteously shown our party. We afterwards visited Mr. Mitchell's establishment, where similar attention was paid us. The total number of steel pen manufacturers in Birmingham is eighteen; they employ altogether about 2,500 persons, who make some 16,000 gross of pens daily, and in doing so use about a ton and a half of steel. A quick worker will cut out in one day of ten working hours 250 gross, or 36,000 pens, which involves 72,000 distinct motions of the arm, two in every second. All the steel pens made in England, and a great many of those sold on the Continent and in America, are manufactured in

Birmingham, whence nearly eight hundred million are annually sent to market. The condition of the workpeople is one of much respectability, as becomes the producers of such civilising instruments. Gold pens are also largely manufactured in Birmingham.

#### METAL-WORK.

With the single exception of cutlery (which, save only sword-cutlery, has been transferred to Sheffield), almost every kind of metal-work—from a pin to a steam-engine, from a child's token to a bronze statue and beautiful mediæval iron-work—is made in Birmingham, where the people are remarkable for constructive dexterity and aptitude in carrying out new designs, and "the strongest powers of nature are made to labour in the fairy chains of art."\* Machinery† to an enormous extent for home, colonial, and foreign use, and tools of three thousand different sorts, are produced there. Wrought iron hollow ware, iron braziers, and iron and tin-plate wares, employ thousands of people. Nails are largely manufactured, one firm alone making a hundred millions weekly. From fifteen to sixteen thousand tons of iron are annually cut into nails in Birmingham: about a thousand nails of the sort called "bills" can be cut in one minute by a single machine, which only requires a boy to attend it. Screws, too, are cut by machinery; and one house makes 90,000 gross weekly. Bolts, spikes, and rivets are made at a single blow, the heads being formed from the solid metal; from fifty to eighty iron nuts, from a quarter to three inches in diameter, can be produced by the Patent Nut and Bolt Company every minute, and twenty tons of each size dispatched the day the order is received. In tube rolling sixty feet a minute can be made, tight, without brazing.

Wire-drawing is a great Birmingham trade: our Atlantic, Mediterranean, and land telegraphic lines have been largely supplied thence; from 1,000 to 1,500 yards of wire rope are made by Newall's machine in an hour. A thousand persons are employed in making wire for bird-cages and constructing them. Three tons of wire are used weekly by one house in making pins (the daily consumption of which in this country is estimated at 20,000,000); 500 tons of wire are annually made for securing corks of effervescing drinks; 1,000 tons are yearly expended in furniture springs; vast quantities of wire are made for our pianos and other musical instruments, and wire dish-covers give employment to four or five hundred people.

Millions of needles are made in Birmingham; more than 12,000 ordinary-sized needles are made from a single pound of wire, and every good sewing needle passes through seventy pairs of hands before it is finished. Steel toys and ornaments are produced in vast quantity and variety. In the lamp trade twelve hundred lamps a day have been turned out by one maker; and in the manufacture of burners for paraffin lamps (which sell for a few pence each) thirty-eight distinct operations are performed, and thirty-five pairs of tools employed! "Galvanised" iron is largely made, and galvanised buckets are sold in tens of thousands weekly. A Birmingham lock (manufactured by Cotterill) resisted the skill of the

\* Much of this improvement is due to Mr. Perry, the author of "The Prussian System of Education." "Many of his pens," said the "Saturday Magazine," in 1839, "are ingenious and original in construction. He arranges his pens into genera and species, and advertises their beauties and their merits in prose and rhyme."

\* Professor Phillips.

† Sewing (among other) machines are made in large numbers. A Birmingham man was the first to improve the American invention by providing a continuous "feed;" and Mr. Clements, of Birmingham, made the important addition of button-hole stitching.



famous Hobbs. Bells—church, school, plantation, factory, railway, dinner, and other bells—are made in Birmingham; one house has had an order for ten thousand bells to adorn the iron palace of an African prince, and the commands of another sable potentate have been received for a quantity of polished, framed, and mounted ship bells, intended, doubtless, for a similar purpose. Medals are issued in endless number and variety from Birmingham, where the art of medalling, which had been almost lost, was revived.

Last, but not least, MONEY is made here; it is hence that our "small change"\* issues;—606,379,848 bronze and copper coins were produced at Soho alone in less than six years, a million of which have sometimes been made and packed in one day. It was at Birmingham, indeed, that by far the largest proportion of the "token" coinage of last century was made, and that in 1797, when our Government took the coinage of our copper money into its own hands, Boulton began to make the national pence. Between that year and 1808 he made here, in conjunction with Watt, more than 3,500 tons of copper money (about three hundred million coins). Between 1849 and 1866 about 2,000 tons of copper and bronze coin were made in Birmingham for the United Kingdom; 1,400 tons for India, 700 for Tunis, and more than 1,000 for other countries; besides which a coinage of 1,600 tons was struck in 1861-2 for the new kingdom of Italy, and 750 tons for France, on the re-coinage of its copper currency.

#### THE STAMP AND DIE.

The stamp and die have done much of late years to cheapen many branches of metal-work, producing patterns of the most elaborate character, as if by magic, in a few moments. Yet, when cost is not considered, "cast" and "beaten-work" are still preferred, having a "substance," sharpness, and finish the stamp and die cannot give. Die-sinking is, however, an important occupation in Birmingham. The stamp is formed of a heavy mass of iron sunk into the ground, a die screwed down to it, and a hammer, bearing a convex copy of the die suspended over it, worked in a groove by a pulley; the pulley terminates in a stirrup into which the workman places his foot, and thereby lifts the weight, which, on his raising his foot, falls, and makes the impression. (The compressed-air hammer is used in some stampings and forgings; it can give 800 strokes a minute.) The pattern is not produced by a single blow; from seven or eight to twenty or twenty-five blows are required, between which the metal has to be repeatedly annealed; and the larger forms are stamped in parts, which are afterwards put together; nevertheless the work is done with wondrous rapidity. Some die works in Birmingham have a quarter of a million dies in stock, and all are liable to become useless through the changes of fashion. The dies are of every size and weight, from two ounces to two tons.

#### MISCELLANEOUS MANUFACTURES.

Many other manufactures are carried on in Birmingham and its neighbourhood. We may mention Papier-Maché, an important manufacture,

in which Birmingham has never been rivalled nor approached. The best *papier-maché* is made from *sheets pasted together*, and not from the pulp; and was invented by Henry Clay, a *Birmingham man*. It is worthy of remark that the beautiful polish it finally receives is given by the friction of the female hand. Japanning is associated with it, and the two employ about 1,000 hands. Glass is made here, from the commonest to the finest and most brilliant, including stained glass, and the peculiar and ingenious manufacture of artificial eyes. (An order has ere now been received by one firm for £500 worth of dolls' eyes.) Then there are saddles, and other articles of leather; and a machine has been introduced from America by which leather can be split several times, so that one skin may be made to go as far as three or four. Bellows-making—a really important trade (and almost a monopoly in Birmingham), including forge and smiths' bellows, pontoon bellows (for inflating pontoon bridges), house, library, air-cushion, and fancy bellows—is carried on very largely; 3,000 pairs a week are made in one establishment, and much ingenuity is displayed in their manufacture. The construction of railway carriages, omnibuses, waggons, etc.—they have lately built omnibuses for Bagdad—the manufacture of rope—the common rope of hemp, and that in which hemp and wire are united, and which is nowhere else made (and Birmingham affords, perhaps, the most favourable opportunity which can be found in the kingdom of witnessing the manufacture of hemp rope by hand and machinery, and of twine and wire rope in their various branches),—the production of chemicals, colours, lacquers, varnishes, and even artificial manures, is also carried on in Birmingham.

#### THE WORLD'S WORKSHOP.

The occupations of Birmingham are more numerous than those of any other provincial town in the world; and they are constantly on the increase. It is "the World's Workshop." Trade, if a little slack now and then in some branches, seems generally brisk, and good workmen ever in demand. And, as remarked by a writer we have somewhere met with, "the peasant and the prince are alike indebted for necessities, comforts, and luxuries to the busy fingers of Birmingham. At home or abroad, sleeping or waking, walking or riding, she accompanies us from the cradle to the grave. She gives us the spoon that first brings our infant lips into acquaintance with pap; and she supplies the dismal furniture which is affixed to our coffin. And wherever commerce has been established, Birmingham has found a market for her wares. In the luxurious capitals of Europe, in the vast empires of Asia, in the dense forests of Western America, in the boundless plains of Russia, in the thriving communities of Australia, in the farthest islands of the Eastern and Western Oceans, Birmingham has supplied the ever-growing wants of man." And it has been suggested that Birmingham might be made a seaport, by doubling and deepening the Great Junction Canal!

The Show-rooms of the principal manufacturers are splendid Galleries of Art, and will repay many a visit; and it is most interesting to witness the operations of the workpeople in the various manufactories. The people themselves are usually respectable, intelligent, and industrious; they number together from 25,000

\* It may not be generally known that in the olden times the silver pennies were struck with a deeply indented cross, so as to be readily broken into "half-pence" and quarter-pence, or "fourthings."

to 30,000 men, 6,000 or 7,000 women, and from 1,000 to 1,500 children. As they work, the thoughts of a thousand busy brains take form and substance before us. The inventions of science, the devices of art, the march of improvement, the changes of fashion, the caprices of folly, all are represented. The transactions of commerce, the various productions of various lands, are displayed; the wants of different nations are brought to light, their habits and their superstitions. We behold, wrought from the shapeless mass, the many implements of Industry, with which she feeds, and clothes, and comforts mankind; and the instruments of war and peace, which Birmingham deals out to the various families of the earth with an impartial hand, and which are to exercise we know not what influence on the future. We see the most worthless refuse converted by the talisman of labour into the useful, the valuable, and the beautiful. And we gaze with delight on the marvellous machinery which is itself so wonderful a work of man, which aids him in producing all these, and which is so obedient, so exact, so untiring.

#### SUBDIVISION OF LABOUR.

In all the vast manufactures of Birmingham, subdivision of workmanship and economy of material attract the observation of the stranger. As regards subdivision of workmanship, indeed, Birmingham appears to exceed all other places in a most remarkable degree. An article which might be thought to come from one factory or workshop, has really been produced at a dozen, each manufacturer or workman making only a part of it. There is master under master, workman under workman. This was noticed and very highly commended by Prince Albert. "The principle of subdivision of labour," said his royal highness on the occasion of his visit in 1855, "is the one most congenial to our age. I would advise you to keep to this speciality. You will thus have conferred an inestimable boon upon your country, and in a short time have the satisfaction of witnessing the beneficial results upon our national powers of production." Though the steam-engine is largely employed in Birmingham, it is less used than might be expected. There are so many varieties of pattern and size, that much is done more readily and cheaply by hand than it could be by machinery.

### Varieties.

**SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE.**—This society, instituted in 1802, has laboured unremittingly to check the spread of open vice and immorality, and more especially to preserve the minds of the young from contamination by exposure to the corrupting influence of impure and licentious books, prints, and other publications. Its difficulties have been greatly increased by the application of photography, multiplying, at an insignificant cost, filthy representations from living models, and the improvement in the postal service has further introduced facilities for secret trading which were previously unknown. There is but too great reason to know that in spite of all efforts these polluting productions are still circulated throughout the country, principally through the post-office, penetrating into the schools of both sexes. To put the law in force, seize the stock, and punish the offenders, it is necessary to engage trusty and intelligent paid agents, who have to make the purchases—evidence of dealing; and there are no funds at the disposal of Government and the police appli-

cable to such purposes, and the country does not in these prosecutions allow any part of the expenses. No private individual will undertake the responsible and thankless duty of a public prosecutor. Hence the absolute necessity for such a society, and, but for its existence, the trade in licentious publications would be carried on with impunity. By a sustained course of action, conducted with great prudence and discretion, this society has so put the laws in force that not only for the last thirty years has there not been one single failure in its prosecutions, but in all its undertakings the committee have not encountered any public censure for overstepping the bounds of discretion in the selection of their objects for repression or prosecution. This society has been the means of suppressing the circulation of several low and vicious periodicals. Within the last two years it has also been the means of bringing to punishment, by imprisonment, hard labour, and fines, upwards of forty of the most notorious dealers, and within a few years has seized and destroyed the following enormous mass of corrupting matters:—140,213 obscene prints, pictures, and photographs; 21,772 books and pamphlets; five tons of letterpress in sheets, besides large quantities of infidel and blasphemous publications; 17,060 sheets of obscene songs, catalogues, circulars, and handbills; 5,712 cards, snuff-boxes, and vile articles; 844 engraved copper and steel plates; 430 lithographic stones; 146 wood blocks; 11 printing presses, with type and apparatus; 31 cwt. of type, including the stereotype of several works of the vilest description. To grapple with this gigantic evil the committee cannot count on more than ninety annual subscribers, producing on an average £100, and between £300 and £400 has been raised by casual donations. The salary of secretary and working staff, and rent of chambers, are limited to £160 per annum: the rest of the contributions are devoted to the direct objects of the society. The committee earnestly appeal to the public for funds to aid them in their labours to suppress this abominable traffic. The president of the society is Lord Teignmouth, the secretary Mr. C. H. Collette, 23, Lincoln's Inn Fields; and the bankers, Messrs. Hoare and Co. The testimony of many magistrates, teachers, and parents has shown the baneful effects of criminal literature, and we hope that this appeal for aid to this society in its useful labours for the suppression of vice will be liberally responded to.

**STAR-GAZERS.**—The "four-eyes" fish, or "star-gazer," is the maddest and most laughable creature imaginable, and a singular instance of that ludicrous element which belongs to nature quite as truly as her sublimity and beauty. These ridiculous little things do not, like reasonable fish, dive to the bottom when they are scared, but seem possessed with the fancy that they can succeed better in the air or on land; and, accordingly, jump over each other's backs, scramble out upon the mud, swim about with their goggle eyes projecting above the surface of the water, and, in fact, do anything but behave like fish. Emulating, I presume, the alligators around, they try to take their walks upon the mud. You may see, as you go down to bathe on the east coast, a group of black dots, in pairs, peeping up out of the sand, at the very highest verge of the surf-line. As you approach they leap up and prove themselves to belong to a party of four-eyes, who run—there is no other word—down the beach, dash into the roaring surf, and, the moment they see you safe in the sea, run back again on the next wave, and begin staring at the sky once more. He who sees four-eyes for the first time without laughing must be much wiser, or much stupider, than any man has a right to be.—*Kingsley's "West Indies."*

**COLOURED POPULATION IN THE UNITED STATES.**—In 1860 the coloured population of the United States was 4,441,830, of which 3,953,760 were slave and 488,070 were free. In 1870 the coloured population is 4,880,009, being an increase since 1860 of 438,179, or about ten per cent. The aggregate increase in the entire population of the United States in 1870 over 1860 was about seventeen per cent., showing an increase of the negroes of more than one-half of the aggregate rate of increase of all colours. When we take into consideration the circumstances attending the emancipation of the slaves of the South, how it left them without homes, and utterly without experience in the management of their own business, ignorant of the details of the work to which they had been raised, and liable to be imposed on by employers who envied them their newly acquired freedom, and who would do all they could to make them long for a return to slavery, is it to be wondered at that they have not increased in a greater proportion? It is more a subject of wonder that they have not actually decreased in number when we consider all their unfavourable surroundings. About three-fourths of the increase in the negro population is found in the late Slave States.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*